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THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſty-Turncoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 12.

HUDSON, JANUARY 26, 1803.

AT a late court of ſeſſions in this county, a liberty-loving grand-jury found two indictments againſt the former publiſher of this paper for telling tales of Mr. Jefferſon. Do not wonder at this, gentle reader; for, whatever you might formerly have heard the democrats ſay againſt the "gag-law," which reſtrained them from lying, you may rely upon it, that no men are more averſe than they to having the truth told of themſelves. Nobody ought to blame the democrats for this; for truth is rank poiſon to them—and who would willingly ſwallow poiſon?—But why did the democrats call the federal ſedition-law the "gag-law?" It only puniſhed them for lying, while it left them at free liberty to publiſh truth.—"Aye, there's the rub!" Nothing can ſo completely gag a democrat as to reſtrain him from lying. If you forbid his lying, you forbid his ſpeaking. It is as much impoſſible for a democrat to ſpeak without lying, as it is for any animal to live without breathing. Therefore, I repeat, when the federaliſts paſſed a law which ſaid to the democrats, "Thou ſhalt not lie!", they in effect declared that no democrat ſhould ſpeak—and hence, the ſedition-law, was, with the greateſt propriety, called the "gag-law."—The federaliſts were very willing to have the truth told, becauſe they well knew they had nothing to fear from it. Not ſo the democrats. They ſhudder at the voice of truth; for they are well aware that they might as well give up their power at once as to permit the circulation of correct information. Miſerable, deſpicable, pitiful muſt the cauſe be, which ſhrinks from free inveſtigation!—Such is democracy—and ſuch will democracy ever remain.

But the ſubject is too ſerious to be trifled with. I find, by ſad experience, that to publiſh federaliſm and truth, is a ſin againſt the powers that be, which incurs at leaſt a threat of puniſhment. I am, therefore, reſolved, for once to turn my ruſty-coat, and to occupy ſome part of this number of the Waſp with DEMOCRACY and LIES.

See here I begin:—

I believe that Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferſon are the two greateſt men that ever were or ever will be upon earth; and that they are both ſo great that they eclipſe each other's greatneſs. I believe

that Jefferſon is the greateſt friend of religion, and Paine the greateſt friend of Waſhington. I believe what the democrats have often ſworn, viz.—That Jefferſon did not invite Paine to come over to America, to reſume "his uſeful labors." Nay, I believe that Paine never has come to America. I believe that he has never dined with the preſident; and that his four letters to the citizens of the United States are federal forgeries. I believe that Paine did not write a villainous letter to Waſhington; nor a book called the *Age of Reaſon*. I believe that Jefferſon did not pay Callender for writing *the Proſpect before us*, nor remit his fine. I am the more induced to diſbelieve this, becauſe it has been proved, and becauſe democrats all ſwear they diſbelieve it. I believe that Paine, as he ſays himſelf, did more good in our revolution than Waſhington, who (to uſe the democrats' ideas)was a mere old woman, led about by the noſe by general Hamilton.

[Zounds, if I had not turned democrat, ſuch miſ-ſhapen lies would nearly choak me.]

I believe that Paine never drank a thimble-full of brandy in his life; and that Jefferſon ſpends three-fourths of his time in prayer.—In ſhort, I believe, with the Virginia Legiſlature, that Jefferſon is "the enlightened, philoſophic, benevolent, and patriotic republican Thomas Jefferſon;" and I cannot better cloſe my belief of him than by copying the following modeſt lines from the New-Hampſhire Gazette, a fine democratic paper.

"The PHILANTHROPIST.

"Addreſſed to THOMAS JEFFERSON, on reading his late Meſſage.

"THIS man may claim a KINDRED WITH THE SKIES;
"He sees all human kind with GOD-LIKE eyes.
"His HEAVENLY breast no other passion knows;
"Than love for Man,* and feeling for his woes.
"The SACRED flame sets all his soul on fire;
"And sight of HUMAN BLISS,† does bliss DIVINE
"inspire."

WASP NOTES.

[* Not *women*—neither *black* nor *white*.]
[† Sal knows what this means.]

I believe that the federaliſts, with Waſhington at their head, are a pack of old tories—that Waſhington wanted to be king, and that all his revolutionary companions wanted to be nobles. I believe that the only true whigs and friends to America, are thoſe who fought on the ſide of the Britiſh during the revolution, or, like Jefferſon, fled to the mountains for ſafety—United Iriſhmen, who, but juſt eſcaping from the gallows in their own country, become excellent preachers againſt the oppreſſion of laws in this—Rebellious Engliſhmen, who, with a whipping-poſt label on their backs, ſeek this "aſylum of oppreſſed humanity," with liberty and equality in their mouths—Jacobinic Frenchmen, who, their hands ſtained with the blood of the innocent, come over to teach us that "Death is an eternal ſleep"—Unprincipled, infidel Americans. who, poiſoned by the principles of Paine, are ripe for Confuſion, Anarchy and Uproar,—Finally all men of all nations, of all ranks and conditions, who have either "abandoned good principles, or who never had any,"—beardleſs boys—drunken vagabonds—upſtart ſtriplings, and proud, overbearing, ferocious apoſtates and demagogues.

I believe that Gallatin is an American, and that he never came from Geneva; but that he ſpeaks excellent Engliſh. I believe he had no concern in the Whiſky-Inſurrection, nor ever attempted to "*ſtop de veels*

of government.—Finally, I believe that Gallatin is not now key-keeper of our treaſury. I believe he never ſold the bank ſtock belonging to the United Sates, and thereby ſacrificed ſome thouſands of dollars of the public money; and conſequently that he is a moſt excellent financier.

I believe that Gideon Granger, Poſt-Maſter-General, is the moſt conſiſtent man in the union, not even his Monticellean majeſty excepted. I believe he never franked himſelf in the mail; and I alſo believe, with my good friend Ambroſe Spencer, that the ſtory about him was a federal lie. I believe that he never turned out a poſtmaſter becauſe he was a federaliſt; nor put another in, becauſe he was a democrat; but that all his removals and appointments were made ſolely to promote the public good. I believe that he never peddled wooden diſhes, indigo, nor lies—particularly the latter.

I believe that Col. Burr attempted to obtain the preſident's chair, after having received as many votes as Jefferſon, and that by this act he has forfeited the ſupport and confidence of all good democrats; and yet *I* believe, for doing the ſame thing, Jefferſon deſerves well of his country.

I believe that Gen. Hamilton, for the unpardonable ſin of ſpeaking and writing his thoughts freely, ought to be regarded as a very dangerous man.

I believe that Ambroſe, the Turn-Coat-General, was never a *federaliſt*; that he did not, as ſome of his enemies have pretended, become a rampant Jacobin, becauſe Governor Jay told him he had not honeſty and talents ſufficient for a comptroller. I believe that he did not, about ſeven years ſince, curſe the whole Clinton family, as a pack of ſilly demagogues; and I do not believe that he has ſince that time, become their cats-paw. I believe, notwithſtanding reports to the contrary, that he is as chaſte as an icicle; and, notwithſtanding he damned the democratic ticket in this county laſt ſpring, I believe he is very popular. I believe that he did not deprive of his bread the door-keeper of the Senate, who had ſaved his father's life. In ſhort, I believe that this ſame Turn-coat General is not an abject coward; that he was not frightened out of his wits by Senator Foote; that he is not inſulted with impunity by any one and every one; that he is not afraid to protect a young gentleman, who, through friendſhip, had attempted to ſcreen him from cenſure; that he is a *mild, meek, candid, chaſte, charitable, pious Chriſtian*, who never was laſhed naked through the world, and, perhaps, never will be.

I do not believe that Spencer's Foote was ever a cobbler; becauſe I do not believe he has ingenuity ſufficient for that profeſſion. I do not think that if the ſaid Foote poſſeſſed a tail, he would *preciſely* reſemble a monkey. I do not believe that Foote has ſufficient ingenuity for a *ſwindler*. In ſhort, and to waſte no more paper, I do not believe that Foote is a *conſummate blockhead*.

I believe that Gooſy-Johnny is not the greateſt dunce that ever was born of a woman, whatever my friend Ambroſe may ſay to the contrary notwithſtanding.

I believe that William Duane "the organ of the public will," is a moral and upright man. I believe he never did, nor ever will commit any crime. I believe he never did break into the treaſury-office at midnight, by means of falſe keys, and ſteal the books therefrom. I believe he never publiſhed a letter which he knew Cheat'em ſtole. I believe he was never elevated on a pole in Calcutta for his villainy. I believe that he was never in Clonmel, Ireland—but that he is an American, and was born in Canada; and that a drunken ſoldier was not his father, nor a camp ſtrumpet his mother.

I believe that James Cheat'em has about as much morality as Duane; and that he never deſerved a halter. I believe that he never ſtole and broke open a letter at Stille's hotel in Waſhington—that he knew nothing of the Infidel Society in New-York—and that he never ſlandered a good man.

I believe that Iſaac Mitchell, editor of the Poughkeepſie Barometer, is not the ſame raſcal of an Iſaac Mitchell who run away from Connecticut with an honeſt man's wife, leaving her three little children (one an ainfnt in the cradle) to ſtarvation and miſery.

I believe that Holt never told a lie in his life; and that

Phin. Allen, is the wiſeſt printer that ever lived.

My dear Ambroſe, how do you like this ſide of my coat?—Are you ſatisfied?—how curſed ſheepiſh this turn-coat buſineſs makes a man feel!

END OF DEMOCRACY AND LIES.

☞ Reader, it has given me much pain to write ſuch a ſtring of lies as I have preſented you in this number. If it has been ſuch a taſk for me to fill one little paper with them, how the devil does Holt get along with ſuch a piece of work from year to year. Perhaps by being accuſtomed to it. However I deſpair of acquiring the habit; and therefore muſt give up the idea of becoming a democrat.—The publication of the Waſp will now be ſuſpended for a few weeks, after which it will be iſſued with more regularity. In the mean time, democrats of all ſorts are deſired to look at my motto, and be cautious.

A CARD.

Robert Ruſty-Turncoat, Eſq. preſents the homage of his high conſideration to his friend and couſin Ambroſe, the Turncoat General, and wiſhes to know if he can poſſibly ſcrew his hatchet face once more into that preciſe horrible attitude which it aſſumed when Judge Ford declared, that the court were almoſt unanimous in rejecting the ſaid Turncoat General's motion for ſhackling the preſs. If he can, by any means, again collect into his countenance, anger, malignity, mortification—in ſhort, every evil paſſion which is depicted in Milton's king devil, detected while prowling for miſchief in paradiſe, the ſaid Robert will engage ſome faithful limner to tranſcribe his countenance. He conceives this will be a benefit to the public: For if the deformity of vice, pourtrayed by the ſpeaker, tends to keep men from ſinning, ſurely every deviliſh paſſion, thus preſented in the plenitude of deformity to the naked eye, muſt frighten every man into the paths of rectitude. Robert conceives, that as his dear couſin Ambroſe has but once before been exhibited to the world in his proper colours, he can have no objection to this propoſal. If his diffidence, however, ſhould render him averſe to appear before the public alone, Robert engages, provided his Foote will conſent, to add a tail to his portrait, and exhibit him in the back-ground, as a caricature of a monkey.

Holt, with the help of Gooſy Johnny, has ſtuffed a conſiderable part of his proſtituted ſheet, with lies about the late *lock-jaw* tranſaction. Neither Holt, nor Johnny, were at court during that part of the buſineſs which they pretend to deſcribe. Their lies, therefore, carry a very bungling appearance with them. Neither iron-headed Foote nor braſs-faced Ambroſe would have the impudence to attempt to ſupport them.

A man came out of a taylor's ſhop a few days ſince, with a coat which appeared to be *new*, when he was accoſted by a neighbour—

Queſtion. What, have you got a new coat?
Anſwer. Oh, no—nothing but a Spencer.
Queſtion. Why do you call it a Spencer?
Anſwer. Becauſe I have juſt had it *turn'd*.

When Foote, the Aſſiſtant-Attorney, the other day, at court, vehemently pronounced, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," a wag obſerved, that Spencer, had, at length, expoſed his cloven *Foote*.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD, *with the Coſts*.

L O S T,

A long time ſince, a certain democrat's character, worn thread-bare, and much patched. The owner is well known to juſtices and juries, and has been much engaged in law-ſuits. It is even ſaid that he once adverſed a jury. The above reward will be given to any perſon who will reſtore him his character, even if a little ſoiled.

☞ A fund of communications are on hand, and ſhall receive due attention.

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,
IN DEFIANCE OF THE
DEVIL,
AND THE WHOLE HOST OF DEMOCRATS.